

COMMUNICATIONS.

"Wesleyan Consistency," Again.

"While many of the Wesleyans within the bounds of Allegheny Conference, would shrink back with horror from the act of legalizing slavery, they do, we believe, fellowship those as Christians, who do legalize it; and while the larger portion of their Meeting Houses are open to the slave in the person of his representative and advocate, two Houses at least, within the bounds of said conference, are closed, viz: the Meeting House at Mespontini and at Cuyahoga Falls. Quite recently, we are informed, the doors of their houses at the Falls were closed against our friends Leffingwell and Bassett."

The above is from the Anti-Slavery Bugle of Nov. 27th. Now, Mr. Editor, all we ask so far as we are concerned at the Falls, is, to have the matter appear in a clear light. The Wesleyan Church at Cuyahoga Falls has not been closed against the advocates of the slave, or the slave either; as both have occupied the house, and can always occupy it to plead the cause of the oppressed; but the friends do not think it always advisable to open the house, and get up a meeting for every person that comes along. We have already been injured by introducing those on to the Anti-Slavery platform, who were not qualified to do justice to the cause of humanity. True, my friends Leffingwell and Bassett, sent an appointment here for Saturday evening and Sunday. The Wesleyans having three services on Sunday, their house was not asked for; and further, Mr. S. B. Turner volunteered to supply a house and procure a congregation, and wrote to my friend Leffingwell to that effect. The Lyceum building in this village is open for all such meetings, and Mr. Turner procured that for them. The Wesleyans are willing to open their house always to those who can do honor to the cause of the oppressed.

I personally urged upon my friend Leffingwell, to come down to our Anti-Slavery Meetings, and give us his views, and if we are not so far advanced as we should be, let us have the light.

Yours for Humanity.
I. C. PENDLETON.
Cuyahoga Falls, Nov. 30th, 1846.

EDITORS OF THE BUGLE:—

In your notice of the death of N. P. Rogers, you ascribe his peculiarity to partial insanity. It seems to me that after N. P. Rogers had endured the bitter and malignant persecutions waged against him by those who claim to be only orthodox anti-slavery, the Bugle might have been better employed, now he has gone forever to rest, than in reiterating that old, stale, worn out charge of insanity—a charge to which pro-slavery and orthodoxy have ever resorted, when desirous of argument, in their vain attempt to put down liberty and the spirit of free inquiry.

P. Rogers will suffer by this unfavorable notice of him. Far from it. That man who will believe, on the mere *ipse dixit* of an anti-slavery editor, (and I have great respect for them,) that N. P. Rogers was insane, and therefore reject the sublime truths which he announced, without examining the grounds on which such a charge rests, is incapable of perceiving the elevated position this excellent man occupied previous to his death; and is therefore not much to be regarded. And he who examines before he decides, will, most probably, arrive at a very different conclusion. I understand N. P. Rogers' peculiarity to be nothing else than carrying out, in logical consistency, the principles which he, in common with other abolitionists, held. And to charge him with insanity, is to charge all who hold the same views with insanity, amongst whom are many subscribers and readers of your own Bugle. That same spirit of opposition to organized action and board control, which furnish you evidence of Rogers' insanity, was strongly manifested by many of the best spirits that convened at your late Annual Anti-Slavery gathering at New Haven. And you, my friends, suffer me to suggest, if you do not wish to be left in the rear of the Anti-Slavery host, you had better doff your present sectarian habiliments, and enclose yourselves in the cast-off garments of N. P. Rogers.

Now friends, you have given us your opinion, and without calling in question your right to that opinion, or wishing to "pick a quarrel" with you, I have freely given mine. Respectfully,

W. E. LUKENS.

Incontrovertible facts which prove the Church infidel.

The Church has signed her own death warrant. Out of her own mouth will she be judged.

In the first place, she has professed faith in God. Now to have faith, is to have confidence in him under all circumstances, and in all situations. In the second place, she has acknowledged slavery to be a sin in all its bearings and movements. In the third place, she has echoed her voice that it was not safe to put it away for fear of the consequences; having no confidence in him who ordained the right and takes care of consequences; and according to her theory, it is not safe to do right. But he who ordained the right made it safe to practice it. But she says slavery is a sin, and it is not safe to put it away, thus charging heaven with a libel, which proves her infidel in the extreme.—Out of this dilemma she may extricate herself if she can.

Years in the cause of freedom,

N. A. M. E.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, DECEMBER 4, 1846.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."—*Edmund Burke.*

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chesnut sts.

Anti-Slavery Meetings.

B. S and J. ELIZABETH JONES will hold Anti-Slavery meetings at

New Lyme, Ashtabula Co., Saturday, the 5th of December.

Austinburg, Ashtabula Co., Sunday, the 6th.

Unionville, Lake County, Tuesday, the 8th.

Montville, Geauga Co., Thursday and Friday, the 10th and 11th.

Chardon, Geauga Co., Saturday and Sunday, the 12th and 13th.

Kirtland, Lake Co., Thursday and Friday the 17th and 18th.

Painesville, Lake Co., Saturday and Sunday, the 19th and 20th.

All the above meetings will be held in the afternoons and evenings of the days mentioned commencing at 1 o'clock, except those at Edinburg, Ravenna, and Mecca, which will commence in the evening, and continue through the following afternoon and evening, and if the friends at Mecca desire it, a meeting will also be held there on Sunday forenoon.

Will the friends of the cause please make all necessary arrangements for the above appointments; and as the speakers have no mode of conveyance of their own, they will be obliged to depend on the kindness of the friends of the cause to carry them to the places of their appointment.

SAML. BROOKE,
General Agent.

REFORMERS--CONSERVATISM.

Dr. Bailey once truly said:

"New movements in the world of mind and morals, must produce and form their own men, who in their turn become representatives of a new order of things, to innovation upon which they will be as much opposed, as are the leaders of the existing state of society opposed to present innovation.

It is the race, not the individual, that is indefinitely progressive."

In what age, we would ask, have the leaders of reform come from among the leading influences? It is from the people that they have come up, and it is to the people that reformers must carry their cause.

They were *bienfaits—amis*. They disturbed the wicked slumber of oppressors, both in church and state. They once bore a strong testimony against slavery, but as time rolled along, the succeeding generations would look back; and, as the Jews of old had Abraham for their father, so the Quakers, referring to what American Friends had been and done, would pride themselves with being their descendants, and arrogate to themselves their virtues: but "new occasions teach new duties," and the question of immediate emancipation was sprung upon the people; more light was shed upon the subject of our relations to slavery; it was shown that even the Quakers had further duties to perform.—When lo! it was found that they could not be moved one step out of the ring they traversed, as marked out for them by their fathers; that they would go round and round in the same circle, and that they were essentially and thoroughly conservative, and we may safely say, that greater hostility has nowhere been met with to the Anti-slavery enterprise, which is based upon the principles of immediate emancipation, than among the leading influences in the Quaker sect.

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N. A. M. E.

all those who would preserve things as they are. Has not the M. E. Church, controlled by leaders, enjoined silence upon its subordinate preachers, on the slave question? But it is not our purpose to dwell longer at present on the church influences, but to refer to others, that have their weight also, in preventing the people from taking true grounds on the slave question.

Brutus, when he sacrificed his best friend, said, "Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more." Christ enjoined upon us to love God and his law supremely. He also said, "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me, is not worthy of me."

If we love the bubble reputation, popularity with wrong doers, property, parties, sects, friendships, even life itself, or a glorious union with slaveholders, better than the true and the right, we will sacrifice the right for these, because we love them better than the right, and by many, for these the interests and rights of the slave are sacrificed.

If the people would but free themselves from their leading strings, by which they are bound by priest and politician, and act as though they felt themselves to be men and women—men and women willing to part with reputation, popularity, property, parties and sects, slaveholding churches, and a glorious union with slaveholders, for the sake of the true and the right; if those who profess to be Anti-slavery, and who are largely controlled by Anti-slavery feeling, would do this, in our opinion there are enough of them to consummate the work of emancipation in a short time. We can readily bring ourselves to believe that there is much truth, in most instances, in the oft repeated declaration, "I am opposed to slavery;" but there is generally something in the way which prevents their opposition from being felt.

If we are attached to anything that is in fact an obstacle to emancipation—so much attached that we will not cast it aside, our opposition to slavery is neutralized, for the obstacle will be preserved and the opposition not felt. If we aim a shaft at a target, and something intervenes between us and the mark, which intercepts that shaft in its flight, the mark will not be reached, until the opposing obstacle be removed.

If we are opposed to slavery, and love a party, sect, or anything else that stands between us and emancipation—that is, the antagonists of the slave's cause; and if we are unwilling to remove the party, sect, &c., out of the way, that opposition to slavery will be impotent to effect anything for the slave's redemption. The common sense of every one teaches him that if we are more friendly to that which prevents emancipation, than we are to the intercepting pin in his bonds.

There are slaveholders possessed of much Anti-slavery feeling, but whose dread of public sentiment prevents them from giving liberty to their slaves; but what avail is their opposition to slavery, so long as public sentiment, or anything else, prevents them from emancipating their slaves!

There is a conservatism which would not so much preserve the existence of slavery itself, but which clings to, and keeps in existence, those obstacles to emancipation, that alone prevent the abolition of slavery.

S.

Judge Edmunds' Decision.

THE HERALD AND PHILANTHROPIST'S COMMENTS THEREON.

Our first page this week is principally occupied with Judge Edmunds' decision, together with the editorial from the Herald and Philanthropist, reviewing that decision.

We regard both of these documents of sufficient importance to occupy the space they do, and especially do we commend the views of the editor of the Herald and Philanthropist to the careful attention and consideration of the reader.

Perhaps it is generally known to the readers of the Bugle, that some time back, in its contests with whig and democrat, the Liberal party laid down the broad principle, that "we must do no evil that good may come of it;" and that this principle was regarded by many of the members of that party, as the Gibraltar of their defense. Especially did they contend for it, when the whigs called upon them to vote for Henry Clay, to prevent the annexation of Texas, and an extension of slavery. It was then maintained by Liberal party men, that to vote for Henry Clay was to do an evil act; and upon the principle of not doing evil that good may come of it, some maintained that, even if the election of Henry Clay would prevent the annexation of Texas, they would not be justified in voting for him—that he was a slaveholder, and to vote for him, was to sanction slaveholding. He was in favour of the maintenance of slavery, therefore to vote for him, was to vote for its maintenance.

Had these Liberal men advocated those principles, as a governing principle of their own conduct, they would, under a change of circumstances, still continue to advocate it. If they advocated it upon the mere grounds of policy, to get those who wish to be governed by those principles to vote their ticket, we would, without doubt, look for them to change their policy to suit circumstances.

Among the ministry in Northern Ohio, who are they who stand fearlessly forth and on the principle of "No union with slaveholders" plead the cause of the slave? They are not your D. D.s or the professors in your colleges, but they are such men as Elder Caleb Green, who is constantly and fiercely assaulted by the Baptist church, such men as J. W. Walker, who meets with a violent opposition from

at one of its annual meetings, adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, That secession from the present United States government is the duty of every abolitionist; since no one can hold office, or throw a vote for another to hold office, under the United States Constitution, without violating his anti-slavery principles, and rendering himself an abettor of the slaveholder in his sin.

At first, but few advocated the principle of this resolution, but before many months had elapsed, a large proportion of the abolitionists in America had planted themselves upon the principle of "no union with slaveholders," and began assiduously to urge upon the people of the so called free States, the duty of withholding all support to that infamous agreement with slaveholders, of the Constitution of the United States, of which the written document is only a transcript, contending that it was unrighteous, and wicked in the extreme, to continue, year after year, to renew at the polls this agreement.

The Liberty men, who had so far committed themselves to the principle of not doing evil, and determined to vote and act under the Constitution, to maintain a Union with slaveholders, acknowledging them, by setting down together in Legislative Halls, and agreeing to be governed by laws which they might mutually make, as fit to legislate, upon the interests and destinies of the people, had to adopt some expedient to meet the arguments of the abolitionists, and stay that wave put in motion by the cry of "No union with Slaveholders;" a wave which continued to rise higher and higher—a wave, which even now, sweeps onward with the power of truth. And by adopting that expedient, they proved that they did not advocate the principle that "we must do no evil that good may come of it" as a governing principle of their own conduct, but merely as an expedient to obtain votes. Hence, although we have heard but little said of late, by those about doing no evil that good may come of it, such as determined to maintain the organization of the third party, and vote and act under the Constitution, were compelled either to admit that we may do evil for the sake of effecting a good, or, as they would word it, "do the best we can under the circumstances." Or else to square the Constitution, to their code of morals, maintaining that an Anti-Slavery construction might be placed upon it, or on the other hand, to refuse to do evil by refusing to vote or act under that constitution. To make it appear that the Constitution might have an Anti-Slavery construction given to it a system of special pleading was adopted, which had a most debasing and baseless influence in demoralizing the members of the party. As pine in his bonds.

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The article, however from the Herald and Philanthropist, the leading Liberty party paper of the West, in reviewing the decision of Judge Edmunds, as far as it goes by its admission, completely overthrows the position of its coadjutors, who maintain that the constitution is Anti-Slavery. That paper says "The Constitution of the United States secures to every person to whom another may owe labor or service, according to the laws of his State, the right of having that person, if he should escape from the State in which it is owing, delivered to him, notwithstanding any laws in the state to which he may have fled. It (the Constitution) only operates as a restriction upon the acknowledged sovereign rights of legislation possessed by the States, and restricts it only so far as its exercise may tend to defeat the constitutional right of the master to secure the services of a fugitive from labor or service due."

The Herald admits that the Constitution sweeps away all State laws, which throw around the fugitive slave any protection, or which place obstructions in the way of the master dragging his wretched victim back into slavery. Hence, to support it, is to do an evil, a wrong—to support it, knowing the character of the act, is to commit a crime as black as hell itself. To appoint another to do this, as one's agent, is to involve him who confers this authority upon the agent, in the same black, damning guilt.

The Liberty men of Cincinnati, we believe, have never yet attempted to maintain that the Constitution is Anti-Slavery, but they who have done this, have had to change their grounds, we believe, more than once. They abandoned right and adopted expediency, hence they change as the chameleon.—Once they boasted that they doubled their number annually, but now driving along without principle, they are like Samson, shorn of his strength, or like Saul and Jonathan upon the hills of Gilboa, forsaken of the Lord. S.

Publishers of Anti-Slavery Standard please send their paper to Orville Joiner, Garrettsville, Portage co. O., and to Orris M. Benton, Mecca, Trumbull co. O., for one year each, and charge to editors of Bugle.

Publishers of Liberator please send their paper to G. B. Purdy, Middlebury, Summit co. O.

The American squadron under the command of Commodore Perry, bombarded Tobeao on the 26th of October, nearly destroying that city, together with the lives of

many women and children.

Isaac Winans.

"I am very strong, O King, if untried," said a court jester to his master when questioned about his strength. There are many in the world whose claim to strength is based upon the same contingency as was that of the fool, but who are either not so honest as to acknowledge it, or so intelligent as to perceive it. The untried strength of some reformers is astonishing even to themselves, and they do not begin to suspect how powerless they are until they have attempted to bear the weight of principle, and live the lives of true men. The history of the anti-slavery enterprise presents some lamentable illustrations of this fact.

Men who were intellectually convinced of the truth of abolitionism, but whose moral strength was not equal to the sacrifice involved in a practical application of that truth, entered upon the course and ran well for a season, then faltered and turned from the principles they professed to hold. Perchance it was not that they loved the slave, less, but sect, or party, or personal interests more. They were not willing to place man where God placed him, "a little lower than the angels," but they thrust him down beneath their human organizations—they regarded him of less importance than creeds—or less worth than constitutions.—Humanity, Party, Sect, stand to them in the order of Good, Better, Best, and for the two latter they unhesitatingly sacrificed the former. As perchance it was not that they loved the slave, less, but sect, or party, or personal interests more. They were not willing to place man where God placed him, "a little lower than the angels," but they thrust him down beneath their human organizations—they regarded him of less importance than creeds—or less worth than constitutions.—Humanity, Party, Sect, stand to them in the order of Good, Better, Best, and for the two latter they unhesitatingly sacrificed the former.

Anti-Slavery Almanacs for Sale.
Price 6cts. single, 50cts per dozen, \$3.00 per 100. To be obtained of J. Barnaby or Tresscott, Salem; Book Store, Warren.

T. E. Vickers will please send for the number spoken of.

Will our friends from the country please send in their orders.

Some have been forwarded to E. Robinson, Mt. Pleasant and to I. Lewis, Georgetown. We have been disappointed in sending to Cleveland. We expect, however, to forward some in a few days; also three hundred to E. P. Bassett, Ravenna, 50 of which he will please forward to C. W. Leffingwell, Franklin Mills, and 50 to Wm. Stedman, Randolph.

Anti-Slavery Convention.

There will be an Anti-Slavery Convention held at Chagrin Falls, Cuyahoga co., on Friday and Saturday, the 25th and 26th of December.

B. S. and J. E. Jones will attend and J. W. Walker may also be expected. We hope there will be a large attendance.

SAM'L BROOK, Gen. Jtg.

EXTRACT

From the Epistle of the Yearly Meeting, held in London, by adjournments, from the 20th of the Fifth month, to the 30th of the same, inclusive, 1846, to the Quarterly and Monthly Meetings of Friends in Great Britain, Ireland, and Elsewhere.

"We have, in usual course, received accounts of the sufferings of our members in Great Britain and Ireland in support of our testimony against all ecclesiastical claims, and to the freedom of the Gospel ministry. The amount thus reported, including the costs and charges of distraint, is about nine thousand three hundred pounds."

So it seems that the Priests in great Britain and Ireland are the same thieving set that they are in America. Here they rob the mother of her child and steal the image of God upon the auction block, and steal the earnings of men, women, and children from their cradles to their graves. There they steal from the dissenters, that is those who do not conform to the established church. It appears from their report that the Quakers alone, have, during the past year, been robbed by these Priests of thirty-seven thousand dollars. The Quakers make a matter of conscience of this, they will not support these robbers willingly; hence, all they get from them is obtained by force. We heard a Baptist preacher, when reading the law of Maryland, published in the last Bugle, which sells free negroes and gives one half to the informer and one half to the Colonization Society, say, ironically, that they ought to give the proceeds of such sales to the Priest, that the sale of one free colored person into slavery would support the Priest a year.

S.

Will the subscribers for the Bugle at Chagrin Falls please arrange their accounts with S. Dickinson, previous to the convention to be held at the Falls on the 25th and 26th.

S. Will V. Nicholson please remain at or near home on the 12th, 13th, and 14th?

Please to give credit to Hiram S. Gilmore for a donation of fifty dollars, made to the American Society, in a gift of one thousand copies of "Miscellaneous Songs," which he valued at \$50. They will be sold by the agents in behalf of the society.

VALENTINE NICHOLSON.

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

WAIT.

Thanks to Charles Mackay for the faith and cheer which speak through that heart-stirring song—

"There's a good time coming boys!

Wait a little longer."

Many a soul, longing for human progress, sick of the hollowness, and falsehood, and injustice, that fill the world with misery and mourning, and toiling against prejudice, ignorance and selfishness, to enlighten and elevate the human mind, has been nerved anew for the never-ceasing work of life, by those hopeful words. A lesson of patience which they speak, is what we chiefly need to learn.

In this age and nation, it is especially needful to the reformer, in whatever portion of the great field of reform he is engaged. In the hurry of our life we have become impatient at the slow growth of truth. Great physical improvements are speedily accomplished—towns springing up in the wilderness, as though some magician had spoken them into being, cities—thronged with the busy multitude, crowned with spire, and dome, and turret, and surmounting with the unceasing hum of labor,—are the creatures of a day.

These wonderful physical improvements make us still more restless at the slow moral progress of the race. Some of us get tired of waiting for Truth and Love to bring the freedom, peace and harmony that we seek, and begin to devise and execute plans to produce these results, without their preceding causes. When we lay aside moral power—the armor of God—and trust in the arm of flesh—force—or its threat, we foolishly throw away our only hope of ultimate success. Would that we could learn that to conquer by brute force, may make men shabby but never noble, while the victory of truth enables him whom it subdues.

Lasting reform can alone be secured by the moral elevation of the people. This is not the work of party politics; the only agents for this end, are truth, and love, a nobleness of walk and conversation, that shall beckon men up from their selfishness and sensuality to a better life. It may be, that a given object may be attained sooner by the sword, than by the moral improvement of the people. A prince may be dethrown, or some law may be abolished, but at the same time a series of evils will be fastened on the people, as difficult to eradicate as the first. They will have lost the benefit of a long moral agitation, and will suffer the demoralizing influence of their brute conflict. What have we

to do as abolitionists, is not to organize armies or parties, neither to push men with the bayonet, nor threaten them with it, but to diffuse a clearer knowledge of human rights and duties, to promote a truer humanity and more reverence for the right, and a deeper hatred of oppression and injustice. It is no action that we counsel, no callous indifference to suffering, but an ever active labor sustained by unwavering patience, and impelled by an abiding sympathy for the oppressed.

Those who enter the anti-slavery work with the thought that it is to be brief and easy, will be disappointed. It is a work which, like every other great enterprise, must be comparatively slow of progress. There is still a vast deal of ignorance to enlighten, of selflessness to conquer, before our work will be done.

We are not expecting that slavery is to fall in our country without a severe and protracted struggle. Our eyes are not shut to the recent gain of political power and extension of territory by the slaveholders for the benefit of their petted institution. There are those who regard these facts as evidences that all our labor has been in vain. But we believe these desperate struggles of the slave party are indications that they feel, as never before, the tremendous pressure of the anti-slavery sentiment upon them. There is reason to hope that their arrogant encroachments upon the free States, and their recklessness of consequences in their proslavery work, will react against them, to their more speedy defeat. Whether this be true or not, our duty is the same. No defeat or discouragement can justify any faltering or relaxation of effort on our part. We trust it will not long since there might have been seen among the multitudes in this place from the land of whips and handclaps, a father, son, and daughter, attended in the rear by a very interesting looking female of eighteen, with complexion differing somewhat from those who led the train. Having satisfied their curiosity by a view of nature's works from both sides of the river, they were ready for their departure homeward in the six o'clock morning cars. On retiring for the night, the young maid strictly enjoined upon Selah, whose bed must be placed close alongside her own, that she should awake her at precisely five o'clock. But morning came, and instead of her ever faithful attendant, the whistling of ears broke in upon her slumbers. The cry of Selah! Selah! rang through the apartment, and echo answered Selah. Well, after a fruitless search for their domestic, (as they were pleased to call her just then,) they commenced searing her track; and don't you think they had the audacity to call early at my door and with honeyed words sought to convince me that their great solicitude was best she had been over-persuaded against her wishes, and said they only desired to furnish her with clothing and money, and all that sort of thing. But when assured if they wanted to make a show of their liberality, that vouchers would be given that any money or clothing left for her benefit should be given to me? We have received a reward to our own souls worth a thousand fold the toil that we have spent, and sacrifices we have made. Gold we have not gained, nor ease, nor popular applause, nor power. None of these did we seek, and none of these have we found. But a consciousness of having done our duty—the discipline of mind and heart that comes from a self-denying reform—new years for holiness and aspirations for purity—a clearer perception of moral principle and human duty—more freedom of soul from the bondage of custom and creed—a warmer sympathy with humanity, and a deeper reverence for truth and right, an increase of love to man and God—These have been our reward, in proportion to our faithfulness.

We admit that but few slaves, compared to the multitudes in bondage, have gained their freedom in consequence of our efforts. Yet we had no slight encouragement that we have secured a public sentiment through most of the northern states, that, spite of the robber law, will not permit the return of a fugitive slave, and under the protection of this sentiment hundreds are yearly escaping from slavery, who otherwise would not risk the attempt, or would be beaten. Witness the popular thunder-storm which the recent attempt to return a runaway slave from New York city created in that great den of mankind, and compare that feeling with the unconcern of the people a few years ago, at the most atrocious cases of kidnapping in their midst. Whoever used to read Eliza Wright's "Chronicles of Kidnapping in New York" will see the cheering contrast.

The broad and deep excitement at the arrest of George Latimer, and at the recent case of kidnapping by Capt. Hammon, in Boston; the passage of laws in Massachusetts and New Hampshire, prohibiting their citizens from aiding to return fugitive slaves and the use of jails for their confinement; the indignation in Ohio at the kidnapping of Jerry Pinney—are a few of the many illustrations of the awakening humanity of the people.—We only allude to a few prominent facts as they occur to us.

We have encouraging evidence also that the wicked hatred toward the colored man, which is the bitterest fruit of slavery, is yielding to our assaults. There are many churches from which the negro pew is abolished.—

Many rail road cars and steamboats, where the colored man was treated as an outcast,

now give him equal rights. Seminaries of learning, and the means of moral and mental culture, once harbored against him, now give free access. Political disabilities which he has suffered in some States are removed; and he has greater facilities for entering what are deemed the respectable employments and professions of society. In this particular of justice against the colored man, as in other branches of our work, there is much yet to do, but these changes encourage us to hope on.

We have labored to arouse the people to think upon this subject and discern it; confident a thorough investigation and discussion must lead to anti-slavery action—to the abolition of slavery. Slaveholders and their minions and tools have dreaded this discussion, and done their utmost to prevent it, but the ex-slaves which they have can ill afford to do so.

The party which has only added fuel to it till now it has enveloped church and state. The parties are broken and convulsed, and the churches are agitated by this disturbing element.

Then so am I, and I am resolved to sin on, God speed you in the good work of pleading for the slave's redemption. Ever yours,

From the Liberty Press.
An Interesting Letter.
NIAGARA FALLS, Sept., 10, 1846.

Dr. BAILEY.—As chronicler of passing events, perhaps you may regard an incident two from this particular locality as not unworthy a place in your columns.

You remember Lord Morpheth declared that the most beautiful spectacle which he ever beheld was the "Leap of an American fugitive from the boat on the British shore." Ain't there something also beautiful in the musings of Frederick Douglass. "This moment I am a chattel. I stand up and breathe—and lo! I am a man!" What a transformation! And how will heaven rejoice when the great problem shall be fully wrought out and the sun shall rise and set for the last time on an institution which compels Americans to fly their country in order to secure their inalienable rights!

Not long since there might have been seen among the multitudes in this place from the land of whips and handclaps, a father, son, and daughter, attended in the rear by a very interesting looking female of eighteen, with complexion differing somewhat from those who led the train. Having satisfied their curiosity by a view of nature's works from both sides of the river, they were ready for their departure homeward in the six o'clock morning cars. On retiring for the night, the young maid strictly enjoined upon Selah, whose bed must be placed close alongside her own, that she should awake her at precisely five o'clock. But morning came, and instead of her ever faithful attendant, the whistling of ears broke in upon her slumbers. The cry of Selah! Selah! rang through the apartment, and echo answered Selah. Well, after a fruitless search for their domestic, (as they were pleased to call her just then,) they commenced searing her track; and don't you think they had the audacity to call early at my door and with honeyed words sought to convince me that their great solicitude was best she had been over-persuaded against her wishes, and said they only desired to furnish her with clothing and money, and all that sort of thing. But when assured if they wanted to make a show of their liberality, that vouchers would be given that any money or clothing left for her benefit should be given to me? We have received a reward to our own souls worth a thousand fold the toil that we have spent, and sacrifices we have made. Gold we have not gained, nor ease, nor popular applause, nor power. None of these did we seek, and none of these have we found. But a consciousness of having done our duty—the discipline of mind and heart that comes from a self-denying reform—new years for holiness and aspirations for purity—a clearer perception of moral principle and human duty—more freedom of soul from the bondage of custom and creed—a warmer sympathy with humanity, and a deeper reverence for truth and right, an increase of love to man and God—These have been our reward, in proportion to our faithfulness.

We admit that but few slaves, compared to the multitudes in bondage, have gained their freedom in consequence of our efforts. Yet we had no slight encouragement that we have secured a public sentiment through most of the northern states, that, spite of the robber law, will not permit the return of a fugitive slave, and under the protection of this sentiment hundreds are yearly escaping from slavery, who otherwise would not risk the attempt, or would be beaten. Witness the popular thunder-storm which the recent attempt to return a runaway slave from New York city created in that great den of mankind, and compare that feeling with the unconcern of the people a few years ago, at the most atrocious cases of kidnapping in their midst. Whoever used to read Eliza Wright's "Chronicles of Kidnapping in New York" will see the cheering contrast.

The broad and deep excitement at the arrest of George Latimer, and at the recent case of kidnapping by Capt. Hammon, in Boston; the passage of laws in Massachusetts and New Hampshire, prohibiting their citizens from aiding to return fugitive slaves and the use of jails for their confinement; the indignation in Ohio at the kidnapping of Jerry Pinney—are a few of the many illustrations of the awakening humanity of the people.—We only allude to a few prominent facts as they occur to us.

We have encouraging evidence also that the wicked hatred toward the colored man, which is the bitterest fruit of slavery, is yielding to our assaults. There are many churches from which the negro pew is abolished.—

Many rail road cars and steamboats, where the colored man was treated as an outcast,

now give him equal rights. Seminaries of learning, and the means of moral and mental culture, once harbored against him, now give free access. Political disabilities which he has suffered in some States are removed; and he has greater facilities for entering what are deemed the respectable employments and professions of society. In this particular of justice against the colored man, as in other branches of our work, there is much yet to do, but these changes encourage us to hope on.

We have labored to arouse the people to think upon this subject and discern it; confident a thorough investigation and discussion must lead to anti-slavery action—to the abolition of slavery. Slaveholders and their minions and tools have dreaded this discussion, and done their utmost to prevent it, but the ex-slaves which they have can ill afford to do so.

The party which has only added fuel to it till now it has enveloped church and state. The parties are broken and convulsed, and the churches are agitated by this disturbing element.

Then so am I, and I am resolved to sin on, God speed you in the good work of pleading for the slave's redemption. Ever yours,

W. H. CHILDS.

Facts from Tennessee.

The following facts are from a citizen of Tennessee, whose name we withhold for an obvious reason:

A slave woman belonging to F. H. W., Esq., an elder in the Dr. B.'s church, became hopelessly a Christian, and was admitted to full fellowship in the church some time in February, 1835. In a few days after, the elder sold her to a drover, and she was immediately hurried to New Orleans, and there sold to John as a "chief in the mill," under the protection of the British Lion. What uncertain commodities are these walking chattels, especially if they chance to spy Freedom's shore! Hang the abolitionists! if they could only turn a cold shoulder to these "contented and happy" creatures, we would make them march back to the rice fields and cane swamps. But never mind, they shall have their reward, if they go to poor Torrey.

Was Charles T. Torrey a great sinner!

Then so am I, and I am resolved to sin on, God speed you in the good work of pleading for the slave's redemption. Ever yours,

W. H. CHILDS.

Slave Case.

SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT.—Catharine Linda, vs. Erasmus D. Hudson.

This was a suit brought by a Georgia slaveholder, in the name of his slave, against Dr. Hudson, well known Anti-Slavery Lecturer, to recover damages because Dr. Hudson, a summer or two ago, had sued out a writ of *Habeas Corpus* at Northampton,—where the Slaveholder was spending the summer, in order that the slave might be brought before Judge Dewey, and have a chance of taking his freedom. Judge Dewey, and very improperly, as we think, instead of taking the girl apart, and examining her privately, as is always done in this county, allowed the master to oversee the poor creature by his presence.

Remember Lord Morpheth declared that the most beautiful spectacle which he ever beheld was the "Leap of an American fugitive from the boat on the British shore."

Ain't there something also beautiful in the musings of Frederick Douglass. "This moment I am a chattel. I stand up and breathe—and lo! I am a man!" What a transformation!

And how will heaven rejoice when the great problem shall be fully wrought out and the sun shall rise and set for the last time on an institution which compels Americans to fly their country in order to secure their inalienable rights!

From the Chronotype.

Letter from the East.

Growing indifference to Color among the Main-
ites—Examination of an Indian in the Su-
preme Court.

BANGOR, NOV. 5, 1846.

DEAR CHRONOTYPE.—The world is an excellent chameleon, and the world of the East—down Fast—is like the rest of the world. This Eastern world has had prejudices against color—prejudices deep, strong, and bitter. It has prejudices now: modified against color—prejudices deep, strong, and bitter, and rapidly vanishing, and the outside of our chameleon is assuming a new complexion.

I wrote to you of the treatment of Mr. Brown on board of the Governor—all thanks to Captain Howe. I now write of another instance of the growing indifference to color.

Mr. Lewis Hayden, the agent of the colored people of Detroit, Michigan, a freed man of some three years standing—who took his liberty at Lexington, and brought it away with the aid of Delia Webster and Mr. Fairbanks, made application to the "Crescent Division" of the "Sons of Temperance," in Bangor, to be admitted as a member of that order.

The application was readily granted, and Mr. Hayden was elected a member last evening by a full vote of the members present—abolitionists and anti-slaveryists all voting for him. The "Crescent Division" is composed of many of the most respectable young men in the city, and it is gratifying that they are willing to have it understood by the world* that they consider color no obstacle to brotherhood. Thus much for our growing treachery.

Let me give you an anecdote of one of the aborigines, a Penobscot—a rough, ragged, fleecy Penobscot, a wandering animal that lives on mush and baskets, and cares nothing for nobody. He had been accused of the murder of an old lady by a man bearing the name of Canney, who is now on trial in this city for the same murder, and was called as a witness.

When this child of the woods took the stand, he was objected to on the ground that he did not believe in the existence of a Supreme Being. Judge Shepley then commenced interrogating him. The examination was as follows:

"Do you believe in God?"

"Yes—as."

"Do you believe in a future life?"

"I do not stammer (understand) you."

"Do you believe if you die you shall live again?"

"O—h no!" said Peol Sustic, with a grin of astonishment—"O—h no—me no live when me dead!"

After some further unsuccessful inquiries, Judge Shepley handed Peol over to Judge Tenney, who being one of the modern Norridgewocks, was supposed to understand better how to examine an Indian. He proceeded as follows:

"What becomes of bad Indians?"

"Me no starny that."

"Don't you know some bad Indians, who lie, steal, or get drunk?"

"No, me no steal."

"Don't you know some Indian who does steal?"

"No, me no know Indian steal. Y—as—me—no—me know Indian steala equow once."

POETRY.

You will please insert the following lines, if you think them worth a place, in the Budget. They are written in reply to a present motto, "Hope in God."

"HOPE IN GOD."

TO MISS R. M., SMITHFIELD, OHIO.

"Hope in God," 'tis wisdom's dictate,
All our hopes in him must be;
Trust him, and he will not frustrate,
But it bring to pass shall he.

"Hope in God," in youthful ardor,
Ere the thoms of sorrow rise,
Soon thy pathway may grow harder;
Hope, as do the good and wise.

"Hope in God," when friends caress thee,
Then thy danger may be hid,
Hope in him when cares oppress thee,
He shall evil forbid.

"Hope in God," when duties call thee
To the active scenes of life,
Nor let tauts and terrors appal thee,
It's Truth and error's strife.

"Hope in God" in every station
Which thy master calls thee to;
From thy sin he's thy salvation,
Live for him then, speak and do.

"Hope in God" in pain and sorrows,
Cast thy burden on the Lord,
For there comes a brighter morrow;
"Hope in God" and trust his word.

N. R. I.
Nov. 2nd.

WATER.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

Life blood of the mighty earth!
Flowing from creation's birth;
Throbbing, infinite and free,
In the heart-beat of the sea;
Pulsing down each river vein
Of the green enameled plain;
Stealing up from deep repose
Through the crimson-blossomed rose;
Glorious thou, in all thy forms!
Whether whirled in midnight storms,
Or by wavelets rock'd to rest
On the snow-white lily's breast.

On the pearly curtain fold,
Fringed with amaranth and gold,
Sunset, as her courser lingers,
Writes her tal with rosy finger;
And a blush is on thy mist,
As its brow is warmly kist
By the opening lips of morning,
In the fresh love of its dawning;
Midnight saw it waveless deep
Like an ocean stretched in sleep,
With the dark green trees and highlands
Rising o'er its break like islands.

Bride of Light! O, Protean water,
Lo! the rainbow is thy daughter,
Clasping thee in radiant arms,
Even in the hour of storms;
And in many glittering hues
See! the million-orbed dews,
Sisters of the glorious arch,
Dance along thy shadowy march;
And the grass gives odor sweet,
Bathing all their twinkling feet,
As it bends along their track,
Till the light winds call them back.

Every old and gnarled trunk
In whose roots thy stream is drunk,
Feels along it broast a thrill,
Creeping unperceived and still,
As the sun with magic art
Molts into its frozen heart;
Till its warm and hueless blood,
Crowding into leaf and bud,
Clothes in green each giant limb
Gorgeous as the robes that swim
Round the knights of Fairy-land;
By the breath of roses fann'd.

O, thy coming down is sweet,
When opprest by summer's heat,
Bowing, every herb and flower
Prays thee for a pleasant shower;
See! each thirsting plant holds up
For thy gift its little cup;
While on every grassy spear,
Hangs in light a grateful tear,
Orbs of beauty bathed in gold
On thy sunlit way are rolled,
Each fair orb a mimic world
Through the sky in splendor hurled.

Dripping down the mossy well
Where the cold frog loves to dwell;
Bubbling in thy granite urn
Where the day-beams never burn;
Tinkling in the pebbly run,
Grass-defended from the sun,
Rustling in the little fall,
Thou art sweetly musical,
Never bird or voice divine
Hath a gladder tone than thine,
Man hath richer earth-gift never—
Nore'er more spurned was gift or Giver.

Never Fear.

BY GOODWIN BARNBY.

Though the clouds are black as night,
Never fear!
Though the lightning's deadly bright,
Never fear!
Though the thunderbolt is red,
Though the shaft of death is sped,
God is present over-head—
Never fear!

Though the tyrant's axe is bright,
Never fear!
Though the black block is in sight,
Never fear!

Though a foeman is each knave,
Though a coward is each slave,
God is with the freeman brave—
Never fear!

Though the bigot's curse raise,
Never fear!
Though the martyr's fagots blaze,
Never fear!
Though they strive to cripple youth,
Though they treat good deeds with ruth,
God is ever with the truth—
Never fear!

Though the storm-god flaps his wings,
Never fear!
Though the tempest death-song sings,
Never fear!
In the clouds are blue specks fair,
Through the dark bougas blow an air,
God is present every where—
Never fear!

A Dirge for Thomas Clarkson.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

He has not lived in vain
Who, for man's birth-right brave,
Has snapp'd the negro's chain!
Given freedom to the slave!

'Twas worthy all the toil
Of thy long arduous life,
To have won so proud a spoil
In such a noble strife.

Nor has he lived in vain,
Who by his life hath taught
What zeal unfited can gain,
To one fixed purpose brought!

The longest span of time
No lesson woul'd teach,
More fraught with truth sublime,
Within the humblest roach!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the *Columbian Magazine*.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING,
OR, THE REASON WHY MRS. TODD
DIDN'T SPEAK TO MRS. JONES.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Did you see that?" said Mrs. Jones to her friend Mrs. Lyon, with whom she was walking.

"See what?"
"Why, that Mrs. Todd didn't speak to me."
"No, I thought she spoke to you as well as to me."

"Indeed, then, and she didn't."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure? Can't I believe my own eyes?"

She nodded and spoke to you; but she didn't as much as look at me."

"What in the world can be the reason, Mrs. Jones?"

"Dear knows!"

"You certainly must be mistaken. Mrs. Todd would not refuse to speak to one of her old friends in the street."

"Humph! I don't know. She's rather queer sometimes. She's taken a miff at something, I suppose, and means to cut my acquaintance. But let her. I shall not distress myself about it. She isn't all the world."

"Have you done anything likely to offend her?" asked Mrs. Lyon.

"Me! returned her companion, 'no, not that I am aware of. But certain people are always on the look out for something or other wrong, and Mrs. Todd is just one of that kind.'

"I never thought so, Mrs. Jones."

"She is then. I know her very well."

"I am sorry," said Mrs. Lyon, evincing a good deal of concern. "Hadn't you better go to her in a plain, straight-forward way, and ask the reason of her conduct? This would make all clear in a moment."

"Go to her, Mrs. Lyon!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, with ill-concealed indignation. "No, indeed—that I will not. Do you think I would demean myself so much?"

"I am not sure that by so doing you would demean yourself, as you say. There is clearly some mistake, and such a course would correct all false impressions. But it was only a suggestion, thrown out for your consideration."

"Oh, no, Mrs. Lyon!" replied Mrs. Jones, with warmth. "You never find me cringing to people and begging to know why they are pleased to cut my acquaintance. I feel quite as good as any body and consider myself of just as much consequence as the proudest and best. Mrs. Todd needn't think I care for her acquaintance. I never valued it a pin."

Notwithstanding Mrs. Jones' perfect indifference toward Mrs. Todd, she continued to talk about her pretty much after this fashion, growing more excited all the while, during the next half-hour, at the close of which time the ladies parted company.

When Mrs. Jones met her husband at the dinner table, she related what had happened during the morning. Mr. Jones was disposed to treat the matter lightly, but his wife soon satisfied him that the thing was no joke. "What can be Mrs. Todd's reason for such conduct?" he asked, with a serious air.

"I can't tell for my life!"

"She must have heard some false report about you."

"It's as likely as not. But what can it be?"

"Something serious to cause her to take so decided a stand as she seems to have done."

Mr. Jones looked grave and spoke in a grave tone of voice. This made matters worse. Mrs. Jones' first idea was that Mrs. Todd had heard something that she might have said about her; and that wounded pride had caused her to do as she had done. But her husband's remark suggested other thoughts. It was possible that reports were in circulation calculated to injure her social standing, and that Mrs. Todd's conduct towards her was not the result of any private pique.

"It is certainly strange and unaccountable," she said, in reply to her husband's last remark, speaking in a thoughtful tone.

"Would it not be the fairest and best way for you to go and ask for an explanation?"

"No, I can't do that," replied Mrs. Jones, quickly, "I am willing to bear undeserved contempt, and unjust censure, but I will never humble myself to any one."

For the rest of the day, Mrs. Jones' thoughts all flowed in one channel. A hundred reasons for Mrs. Todd's strange conduct were imagined, but none seemed long satisfactory. At last she remembered having spoken pretty freely about this lady, to a certain individual who was not remarkable for his discretion.

"That's it!" she said, rising from her chair and walking nervously across the floor of her chamber, backward and forward, for two or three times, while a burning glow suffused her cheek. "Isn't it too bad that words, spoken in confidence, should have been repeated?"

"I don't wonder she is offended!"

"She takes it a great deal too much to heart," was the reply. "Mrs. Todd might refuse to speak to me a dozen times if she liked. It wouldn't break my heart. But where is she?"

"Poor Mrs. Jones! How cut down she looks," remarked a lady who knew all about the trouble that existed. "I really feel sorry for her."

"She takes it a great deal too much to heart," was the reply. "Mrs. Todd might refuse to speak to me a dozen times if she liked. It wouldn't break my heart. But where is she?"

"Poor Mrs. Jones! How cut down she looks," remarked a lady who knew all about the trouble that existed. "I really feel sorry for her."

number of her friends, to whom either she or Mrs. Lyon had communicated the fact already stated. All declared the conduct of Mrs. Todd to be unaccountable; but several, among themselves, had shrewd suspicions of the real cause. Conversations on the subject, like the following, were had.—

"I can tell you what I think about it, Mrs. —. You know Mrs. Jones is pretty free with her tongue!"

"Yes."

"You've heard her talk about Mrs. Todd?"

"I don't remember now."

"I have, often. She doesn't spare her sometimes. You know, yourself, that Mrs. Todd has queer ways of her own."

"She is not perfect, certainly."

"Not by a great deal; and Mrs. Jones has not hesitated to say so. There is not the least doubt in my mind, that Mrs. Todd has heard something."

"Perhaps so. But she is very foolish to take any notice of it."

"So I think. But you know she is touchy. In some instances, the conversation assumed a grave form."

"Do you know what has struck me in this matter of Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Todd?" says one scandal-loving personage to another, whose taste ran parallel with her own.

"No. What is it?" eagerly asked the auditor.

"I will tell you. But you mustn't speak of it for your life."

"Never fear me."

The communication is made in a deep whisper.

"Bless me!" exclaimed the recipient of the secret. "It surely cannot be so!"

"There is not the least doubt of it. I had it from a source that cannot be doubted."

"How in the world did you hear it?"

"In a way not dreamed of by Mrs. Jones."

"No doubt Mrs. Todd has heard the same."

"Not the least in the world. But don't you think her to blame in refusing to keep Mrs. Jones' company or even to speak to her?"

"Certainly I do. It happened a long time ago, and no doubt poor Mrs. Joneses suffered enough on account of it. Indeed I don't think she ought to be blamed in the matter at all. It was her misfortune not her fault."

"So I think. In fact, I believe she is just as worthy of respect and kindness as Mrs. Todd."

"No doubt it is. Still we ought not to go out of our way to shun that person. Let us, while we do not attempt to interfere with the liberties of others, be free ourselves. Were I in your place I would not move an inch to keep out of her way."

"I have not your firmness. I wish I had. It was only yesterday that I crossed the street to keep from meeting her face to face."

"You were wrong."

"I can't help it. It is my weakness."

"Three times already, have I put myself about to avoid her; and if I could frame any good excuse for staying away from this party, I should make all clear in a moment."

"Go to her, Mrs. Lyon!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, with ill-concealed indignation. "No, indeed—that I will not. Do you think I would demean myself so much?"

"I am very glad to hear that it is nothing serious," said one of the ladies. "I was afraid it might have been croup, or something as bad."

There was a pause.

"It seemed a little unfortunate," remarked one of the visitors, "for it deprived you of an evening's enjoyment."

"Yes, it does appear so, but doubt it is all right. I suppose you had a very pleasant evening?"

"Oh, yes. Delightful!"

"I hadn't seen half my friends when I was summoned away. Was Mrs. Williams there?"

"Oh, yes."

"And Mrs. Gray?"

"Yes."

"And Mrs. Elder?"

"Yes."

"I didn't see either of them."

"Not a word about Mrs. Jones," thought the ladies.

A-hem! Mrs. Todd, we have come to—
as friends—mutual friends—to ask you—

The lady's voice broke down; but two or three a-hems! partially restored it, and she went on.

To ask you why refused to—
to speak to—
Mrs. Jones?"

"Why I refused to speak to Mrs. Jones?" said Mrs. Todd, her cheek flushing.

"Yes. Mrs. Jones is very much hurt about it, and says she cannot imagine the reason. It has made her very unhappy. As mutual friends, we have thought it our duty to try and reconcile matters. It is on this errand that we have called this morning. Mrs. Jones says she met you for the last time about two weeks ago, and that you refused to speak to her. May we ask the reason?"

"You may, certainly," was calmly replied.

Explanation was now on tiptoe.

"What, then, was the reason?"

"I did not see her."

"What? Didn't you refuse to speak to her?"

"Never in my life. I esteem Mrs. Jones too highly. If I passed her, as you say, without speaking, it was because I did not see her."

In less than half an hour, Mrs. Todd was at the house of Mrs. Jones. What passed between the ladies need not be told.

SAVE—SAVE—SAVE!

What is there a man cannot save and improve? By curbing appetite and restraining passion, by observing prudence and maintaining regularity, he may save his health, husband his strength, and thus preserve the springs of life, as constant fountains of energy and happiness to sustain and cherish him under every labor and every hardship.